

VISIT...

LANZAROTE  
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# UNDER THE SEA

(From Walt Disney's "THE LITTLE MERMAID")

Lyrics by HOWARD ASHMAN  
Music by ALAN MENKEN

**Brightly**  
B $\flat$

*mf*

F7 B $\flat$

F7 B $\flat$

F7 B $\flat$

F7 B $\flat$

F7 B $\flat$

The sea - weed is al - ways green - er  
Down here — all the fish is hap - py

in some - bod - y else - 's lake. You dream — a - bou  
as off — through the waves dey roll. The fish — on the

go - ing up there. But that — is a big mis - take.  
land ain't hap - py. They sad — 'cause they in the bowl.

E $\flat$  B $\flat$ /D B $\flat$  F7

Just look — at the world a - round you, right here — on the  
But fish — in the bowl is luck - y, they in — for a

B $\flat$  E $\flat$  B $\flat$ /D B $\flat$

o - cean floor. Such won - der - ful things sur - round you.  
wors - er fate. One day — when the boss get hun - gry

F7 B $\flat$

What more — is you look - in' for? } Un - der the  
guess who — gon' be on the plate. }

E $\flat$  B $\flat$  F7

sea, un - der the sea.





{ Dar - lin' it's bet - ter down where it's wet - ter. Take it from  
 No - bod - y beat us, fry us and eat us in fri - ca -





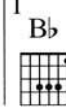
me. Up on the shore they work all day.  
 see. We what the land folks loves to cook.





Out in the sun they slave a - way. While we de -  
 Un - der the sea we off the hook. We got no

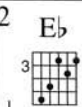




vo - tin' full - time to float - in' un - der the sea.  
 trou-bles life is the bub-bles un - der the







sea. Un - der the sea.






Since life is sweet here we got the beat here nat - u - ral -





ly. E - ven the stur - geon an' the ray





they — get the urge 'n start — to play. We — got the





spir - it, you — got to hear it un - der the sea.






The newt — play the flute. The carp — play the harp. The plaice —





— play the bass. And they — sound - in' sharp. The bass — play the brass. The chub —

B $\flat$  F F7 B $\flat$

— play the tub. The fluke — is the duke of soul. The ray —

F F7 B $\flat$  F F7

— he can play. The lings — on the strings. The trout — rock - in' out. The black-

B $\flat$  B $\flat$ /D E $\flat$  B $\flat$

- fish she sings. The smelt — and the sprat they know — where it's at. An'

F F7 B $\flat$  E $\flat$  B $\flat$

Oh, that blow - fish blow.



F7

Bb

Eb

F7

Bb

Eb

F7

Gm

C7

Eb

F7sus

F7

Bb



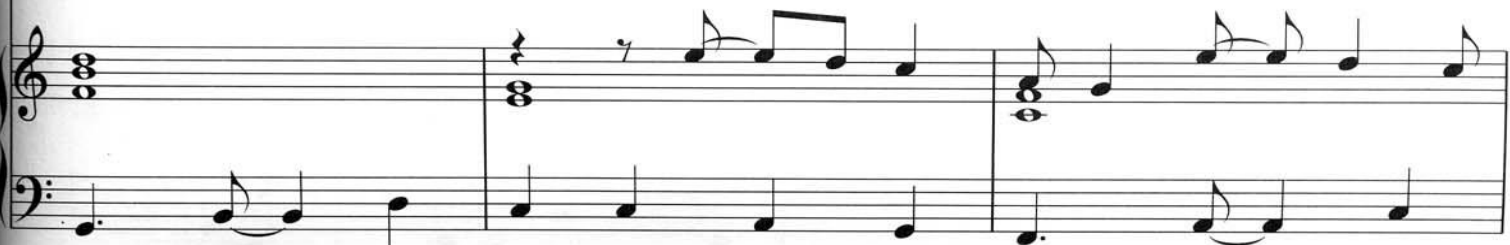
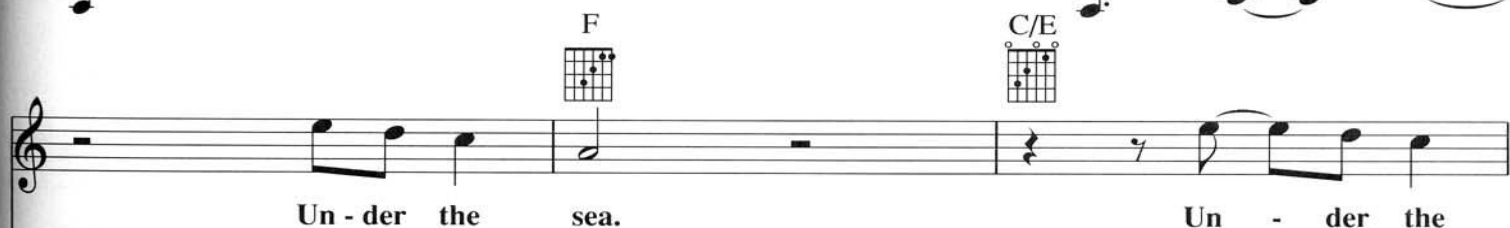
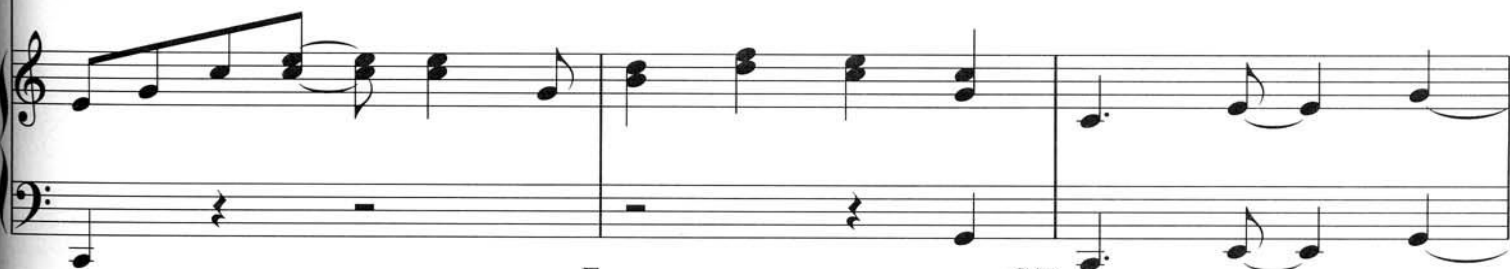
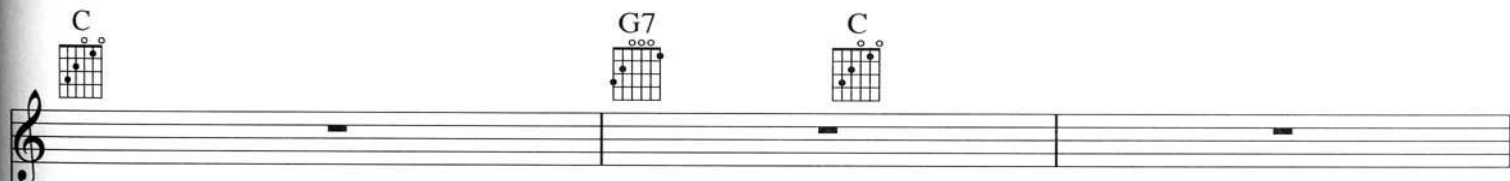
F7

Bb

Bb

F7

Bb



G7

C

C7

guine it's mu - sic to me.

What \_ do they

F

G

Am

got, a lot \_ of sand.

We \_ got a hot crus - ta - ce - an

D7

F

G7

band. Each \_ lit - tle clam here know \_ how to jam \_ here un - der the

C

G7

C/E

F

sea.

Each lit - tle slug here cut - tin' a

G C G7 C

rug here un - der the sea. Each lit - tle

8

F G Am

snail here know \_ how to wail here. That's \_ why it's hot - ter un - der the

8

D7 F G7sus G7

wa - ter. Ya \_ we in luck here down \_ in the muck here un - der the

8

C G7 C G7 C

sea. \_\_\_\_\_

8